

GRATITUDE IS THE FLOWER OF OPTIMISM

Let Your Good Deeds Be Their Own Reward, but Appreciate Those of Your Friends.

THIS WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

First prize, \$5.00.....M. F. Case, 207 New Jersey avenue northwest
Second prize, \$3.00.....Miss Ellen Macfarland, 321 B street southeast
Third prize, \$2.00.....Florence Piper, 1135 Fairmont street northwest
Five prizes of \$1.00 each to C. A. Brewton, 46 S street northwest; Mrs. B. Edelin, 1309 Park road; George P. Frailey, 1245 North Capitol street; Mrs. Clapham Smith, 748 Morton street northwest; Mrs. Cicely Claude, Chevy Chase, Md.

By THE OPTIMIST.

The poet Gray, in his Ode for Music, sang as follows:
Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bird's collected hums sweet,
Sweet music melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude.
For ages ingratitude has been deemed the basest of sins, and this view has lasted up to the present time. All the poets and philosophers have pointed out its infamy—in fact, Young goes so far as to declare that:

He that's ungrateful, has no guilt but one;
All other crimes may pass for virtues in him.
The majority of the members of this club may have escaped any personal contact with the ungrateful person. Our optimism helps us in the hope and the belief that there are but few such persons in the world. But the fact may remain that some of us have been placed in a position to observe or to feel the consequences of ingratitude.

I have seen the nation's mothers and fathers of families toil and sacrifice that their children might enjoy advantages to which they themselves were strangers in their own youth. Early and late loving hands and hearts have labored that the beloved ones might reap the benefits of that labor. Can any of you, my fellow-optimists, conceive of a blacker or a baser crime than that committed by children, when they forsake their parents in their old age? Suppose mother or father are "behind the times"—who kept them there? Suppose their manner was a little rough. Remember, they had no such advantages of training and education as they gave to you. Suppose in their old age, mother and father are a little unreasonable, cranky, you call it. Instead of criticizing them, you should feel the utmost pity and love for them, for perhaps their dispositions were hardened by labor or their souls warped by the lack of the broadening influences which you have so freely enjoyed as the fruit of their sacrifice.

I speak of this attitude of children toward their parents not because I think it is a common condition nowadays, but because of all the phases of gratitude, that which one should feel for those who have started us prosperously along our life's journey is the one that is most imperative. Lack this one quality of your nature, and nature fails to fulfill its very function. I deem it of the utmost importance that those who have to do with the training of future generations should inculcate in their children a proper appreciation of the value and the incalculable blessing of all that is being done to make them useful and capable citizens.

"One good turn deserves another" is a catch-phrase that we often hear in our daily lives. It means undoubtedly that a man should return favor for favor. If you do something for your neighbor, and he forgets all about it, you, who have helped him, should be the last to remind him. Do not dispense your favors with the idea of being repaid in full, but nevertheless, such that man who accepts your bounty and makes no effort to show his appreciation. Often a word of thanks, sincerely offered, amply repays one for a service, whether it be slight, or whether it be a great one, involving personal sacrifice. There are still among us today good, beautiful souls who are doing for others and the thanks and hearty appreciation of those benefited is always enough to repay them. These do good for the pleasure it gives them, for what it will ultimately gain for them.

While urging optimists, and indeed every one else, to do good without thought of reward, I want to also point out the obligation that an optimist is under when he himself is the recipient of favors. Even though it may seem to you that you are utterly powerless ever to repay your benefactor for what he has done for you, still you should never forget the services performed for you in the order of things that some day, when you least expect it, you may be able to give a good account of yourself and prove to him that bread cast upon the waters will return, even after many days.

Remember that while a good deed carries with it a sense of satisfaction which is its own reward, you are not absolved thereby from showing your gratitude when you can.

We have so much to be thankful for in this world. Optimists, who cultivate and practice a cheerful and hopeful outlook appreciate this fact. No matter how wrong, unpleasant, or how disagreeable, how sorely you are tried sometimes to preserve your optimism, there is always a brighter prospect in view. The faculty of smiling through tears, of looking for the silver lining beneath the darkest cloud, are an optimist's dearest privileges. To thank God for the beauties of nature, the blessing of health, and the facilities which enable us to enjoy life in its best aspects, all these things are the optimist's duties.

Peace, tranquillity, and happiness are the fruits of the grateful mind. Contentment comes only to the man whose mind bears the inner consciousness of no wrong unrighted, no happiness offered in place of kindness, of no debt unpaid, and of no offense offered a fellow-man. The beauties of character which optimists deem indispensable to the molding out of the perfect life, cannot be cultivated unless there is gratitude in the heart. Let us be thankful that we are living, and that we are allowed in a measure to shape our own destinies. Shall we deliberately refuse to accept this priceless gift of ability for self-improvement, and the resulting help to those about us, or shall we grasp every opportunity and like true optimists, be thankful for our countless benefits?

We have just finished the first week of the daily optimist department. Each day in The Washington Herald have been printed several contributions from members of the club—each one has found a response somewhere, in some heart the echo has been heard. In this way optimism spreads.

our gratitude is known to our friend, and his life will be the happier for its unsought reward. The daily blossom from the garden of the heart, is worth much more to any of us, than thousands laid at the shrine of memory when we are gone from life.

The second prize of \$3.00 is won by Miss Ellen Macfarland, 321 B street southeast, for the following:
Gratitude is a ready recognition and a perpetual remembrance of the good will or the love of another which has prompted a sacrifice on the part of the commoner, for some benefit upon service being rendered. The sentiment of gratitude varies in strength and endurance, according to the character of the individual by whom it is experienced. There is the trivial expression of gratitude of the commoner, place nature, which is restless until it can pay back, as well as it may, while the benefit conferred is yet fresh in the recollection, after which the sense of indebtedness is banished from the thoughts. And there is the nobler instinct of gratitude belonging to the large, rich nature, which would offer nothing less costly than a sacrifice of self, and which endures its benefactor's service for the recesses of the soul, and would continue to render him loving homage even though he should pass forever from sight. There is also a very beautiful and rare manifestation of gratitude, possible only to the pure spirit, when it becomes conscious of that spontaneous and passionate overflow of the heart in silent thankfulness to some one—perhaps unknown—to whom it stands indebted for intellectual culture and decisive instruction.

The contribution of Florence Piper, 1135 Fairmont street northwest, which appeared in last Monday's Optimist column, has been adjudged winner of third prize, \$2.00, and is here reproduced:
A Grateful Mind.
By seeing, one will still pay, at once indebted and discharged.—Milton.

Of all the kindly virtues with which true nature is endowed, gratitude is at once one of necessity and pleasure. Necessity—because in the pain of its absence thoughts and deeds of the noblest type pale into insignificance, while the individual is thrown far out of his extended sphere without knowing why he is mentally at variance with his fellow-men; pleasure—because the noblest type pale into insignificance, while the individual is thrown far out of his extended sphere without knowing why he is mentally at variance with his fellow-men.

It is the force of nature rather than the product of cultivation. Like a sturdy plant, it thrives alike on the wild mountain-side or in the carefully tended garden, but in either place its mission is to enhance the beauty of its surroundings.

Gratitude and generosity are kindred virtues. One suggests the other, as it is necessary to the other. The grateful heart is not the one to stop at sacrifice, nor has the generous heart power to remain insensible to sacrifice.

Gratitude may be evinced in various ways, but to my mind it is spirit rather than action, and action rather than word. It is also a redeeming virtue, and as such it is a moral inconsistency that gratitude should be the last good trait to disappear from the time-hardened heart. Rather when gratitude is gone, beauty of heart and soul are lost forever.

Five prizes of one dollar each have been awarded to five selections which appear below, including the poem by Mr. Brewton, which was in the Optimist column for Tuesday:

G—ratitude, that this word expressing, R—lighting from the innermost heart, A—ll that goes to make life's blessing T—o all mankind, each his part, I—find a place gratitude T—hat links the chain of praise, T—ill it seems beautiful D—oubtless thank is for noble usage, E—ngendering sweet remembrance.

MRS. B. EDELIN, 1309 Park Road.

MAN'S MOLD.
Gratitude is a myth, a dream, To the pessimistic mind: In the blessing of God's sunlight He stalks before Him blind.

Not so the optimistic man— He dons his gracious smile And mingles 'mong his fellows, Gaining friendship all the while.

His manner seems to multiply, Grown faces disappear, And universal gratitude Pervades the atmosphere.

If goodness were an endless chain, We'd all be glad and gay, And love would be a paradise Forever and for aye.

C. A. BREWTON, 46 S street northwest.

Look over the whole creation and you shall see that the band or cement that holds together all the parts of this great and glorious fabric is gratitude.

GEORGE P. FRAILEY, 1245 North Capitol street.

"To the generous mind The heaviest debt is that of gratitude When 'tis not in Our power to repay it."

78 Morton street northwest.

Gratitude comes from the heart and is the expression of all true, lofty, generous souls. To live each day as though it were our last, cultivating a strong sense of duty, grateful for the divine gifts, grateful for love, for friendship, for pleasures, health, and happiness; always desirous of pleasing the Master above and circumspectly walking with Him who is always watching and knows even our faintest thoughts; not sowing to reap all unto oneself, but sowing in unfeigned charity in a joyful spirit without hope of a return. God in His mercy is bountiful to all and wishes to be daily invoked, thanked, and glorified by our daily lives. Give, and it becomes easier to give quickly, this giving more. Forget what you yourself give, but never fail to remember the gifts of others and show them by deeds of kindness and thoughtfulness that their acts are not forgotten.

CICELY CLAUDE, Chevy Chase, Md.

Honorable mention is awarded to the following contributions, as well as to those appearing in the daily optimist column during the past week:

conceiving an emotion so divine, so that when we miss its light in some brother's eye—and we do sometimes—we should not grieve for our loss, but that the "mark of the breast" has robbed so fair a temple of its rarest jewel, and raise our hearts in thanksgiving to Him that through "one far-off divine eye" we are his heirs. JOHN PAYNE, 629 Maryland avenue northeast.

Gratitude must always exist where the joy of living is to be found. Every day brings to each of us some good for which we could be grateful if we would. The secret of all joy is here. Nothing so helps to chase away that tiresome feeling of dissatisfaction with life as the cultivation of a sense of gratitude. No one is so afflicted as not to have something to be grateful for. Let us learn to find joy in the things that come our way, be they little or great, but especially in the little transient everyday pleasures that will brighten our pathway if we let them.

A. B. FITZGERALD, 29 Twelfth street southeast.

If gratitude when exerted toward another naturally produces a pleasing sensation in the mind of a grateful man, it exalts the soul into rapture when it is employed on this great object of gratitude to the beneficent Being who has given us everything we already possess and from whom we expect everything we yet hope for.—Addison. CHARLES A. FLETCHER, Philadelphia, Pa.

Without gratitude the earth would be a barren waste of hate and chaos. All life shows unconscious gratitude to God in responding to His loving, life-giving impulses. This is the highest type of gratitude—that spirit's spontaneous and whole-souled love for grateful hearts.

H. B. MIDKIFF, 263 Flagler place.

Hail to thee, thou star-eyed goddess, That reigns supreme in every noble heart, Appreciating and returning thanks Offering up in prayer to heaven The thanks due unto God.

And glorifying each and every life With a radiance rich and rare. F. M. O'BROCKE, Charleston, S. C.

Of the many rare, sweet virtues which we all can choose a part There is none that is more ennobling than a truly grateful heart; Gratitude, it is our duty to be thankful to whom it stands indebted for intellectual culture and decisive instruction.

CHARLES A. FLETCHER, Philadelphia, Pa.

In our plea for precious virtues a heart filled with gratitude is the best of all.

JAMES CONWAY JACKSON, 381 Fourteenth street northwest.

"We know not how grateful we should be to those who take the trouble to be rich for us." E. C. DOWDEN, 29 K street northwest.

A little babe soon learns to smile in cherubic beauty its gratitude for beneficence. The tiny bird never fails to lift its head gratefully to Heaven for the ever abundant rain, and as all animals are given means to express their gratitude, it would seem to prove that our Creator demanded of us "to be thankful."

A writer has said that "He who is ungrateful has but one fault, as all others have two virtues in him," so let us have ever a "Benedictus omnia opera Domini" in our hearts. We have so many small (so-called) blessings, that we walk rough shod over them in search of the great ones, and so, to enjoy the fruits of the earth, and to minister to a few of the things for which we are grateful, so let us treasure these "little things" for the greatest blessing ever accorded to man.

Babe in a lowly manger for this and our other gifts from the Creator let us join with the militant and triumphant grateful ones—"To deum laudamus."

Mrs. H. B. HOLIFIELD, Hammond, Ind.

Notwithstanding all that I have suffered, notwithstanding all the pain and sorrows and anxieties and troubles that necessarily enter into life and the inward errands that are worse than all, I would end my record with a devout thanksgiving to the great Author of my being.

For more and more am I unwilling to make my gratitude to Him what is commonly called "a thanksgiving for mercies"—for any benefits or blessings that I receive from myself, or my friends, or, indeed, to any man.

Instead of this, I would have it to be gratitude for all that belongs to my life and being—for joy and sorrow, for health and sickness, for success and disappointment, for virtue and for temptation, for life and death; because I believe that all is meant for good.—Orville Dewey.

EVA JACKSON, 533 Third street northwest.

"Consider it (This outer world we tread on), as a harp, A gracious instrument on whose fair strings We learn those airs we shall be set to play When mortal hours are ended. Let the winds, Man of thy spirit, move on it as wind, And draw forth melody, Why shouldst thou yet Lie groveling? More is won than e'er was lost."

Inherit, Let thy day be to thy night A teller of good tidings. Let thy praise Go up as birds go up, that when they wake, Shake off the dew and soar.

Jean Ingelow, 181 Eighth street northwest.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted that he would be as much generous if he were a rich man. RUTH M. PURCELL, 682 K street northwest.

During the years of his prosperity, Gov. Charles Foster, of Ohio, was known far and wide for his kindness to the poor and unfortunate. Some years ago Mr. Johnson, a contractor, in Fostoria, Ohio, became so involved that the mortgage on his home was foreclosed, and the sheriff was about to sell it. Gov. Foster learned of the builder's trouble, and advanced the money to pay off the mortgage, though there was a very faint prospect that it would ever be returned to him.

A year or two after, Johnson went West, and passed out of the minds of his Fostoria friends. He died, but before his death he told his sons how Gov. Foster had befriended him. The sons prospered in business and became wealthy; but Gov. Foster became a bankrupt. When they heard of the failure of their father's benefactor, they invested in his name \$50,000 in smelting works between Denver and Cripple Creek. They said not a word to Gov. Foster until the success of the investment was assured. Then they told him, and had him elected a director in the concern. The works paid large dividends.

CHAS. D. BULLA, Alexandria, Va.

There is a very touching story told of a woman with two children, who had been bed for them and scarcely clothes enough to cover them. In the depth of winter they were nearly frozen. The mother took the trap door to the cellar, and for a long time up before the corner where they lay down to sleep, that some of the draught and cold might be kept from them, when one of the little ones called out cheerfully:

GRATITUDE.

Gratitude is a species of justice.—Johnson.

Gratitude is one of the rarest of virtues.—The Parker.

To the generous mind the heaviest debt is that of gratitude, when it is not in our power to repay it.—Franklin.

If gratitude is due from children to their earthly parents, how much more is the gratitude of the great family of man due to our Father in heaven.—Hosae Ballou.

He that preaches gratitude pleads the cause both of God and man; for without it we can neither be sociable or religious.—Seneca.

I thank my Heavenly Father for every manifestation of human love, I thank Him for all experiences, he they sweet or bitter, which help me to forgive all things, and to enfold the whole world with a blessing.—Mrs. L. M. Child.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.—Charron.

Cleaves calls gratitude the mother of virtues; reckons it is the most capital of all duties, and uses the words "grateful" and "good" as synonymous terms, inseparably united in the same character.—John Bates.

He that has nature in him must be grateful; it is the Creator's primary great law, that links the chain of beings to each other.—Madden.

Gratitude is a duty none can be excused from, because it is always at our disposal.—Charron.

O Lord, that lends me life, lend me a heart replete with thankfulness.—Shakespeare.

Praise is a debt we owe unto the virtues of others, and due unto our own from all whom malice hath not made mutes or envy struck dumb.—Sir Thomas Browne.

To guard the mind against the temptation of thinking that there are no good people, any to them: "Be such as you would like to see others, and you will find who resemble you."—Boswell.

In this world there is one god-like thing, the essence of which that ever was or ever will be of godlike in this world—the veneration due to human worth by the hearts of men.—Carlyle.

Despise not any man, and do not spurn anything. For there is no man that hath not his hidden virtue.—Rabbi Ben Arai.

To appreciate the noble is a gain which can never be torn from us.—Goethe.

Next to excellence is the appreciation of it.—Thackeray.

Gratitude is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul; and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant.—Hosae Ballou.

Alb, how unjust to nature and himself! Is thoughtless, thankless, inconstant man.—Young.

A thankful heart is not only the greatest virtue, but the parent of all the other virtues.—Cicero.

Thanks are justly due for things got without purchase.—Ovid.

Gratitude is the memory of the heart.—Massieu to the Abbe Sicard.

Some have meat and cannot eat, And some would eat that want it; But we have meat, and we can eat, See let the Lord be thanked.—Bunyan.

Let never day or night unalloyed pass, But still remember what the Lord hath done.—Henry VI.

"Good-night, mamma. Oh! what do poor little children do who have no cellar door to help keep off the cold?" MRS. L. B. CHAMBERLAIN, The Stanhope.

"We can set our dears to the music of a grateful heart, and seek to round our lives into a hymn, the melody of which will be recognized by all who come in contact with us, and the power of which shall not be evanescent like the voice of the singer, but permanent like the music of the spheres."—W. M. Taylor.

Station B. ARTHUR GEORGE JOYSON.

"Our whole life should speak forth our thankfulness, even when we are alone, and we are in should be witness of our thankfulness. This will make the times and places we live in better for us. When we ourselves are monuments of God's grace, it is fit we should be patterns of His praises."—BELLE C. SAUNDERS, 380 Third street northwest.

Gratitude is a virtue of the highest excellence, as it implies a feeling, a generous heart, and a proper sense of duty.—J. H. GRAY, 624 I street northwest.

If one should give me a dish of sand, and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes, and search for them with my finger, yet discover them not; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how it would draw to it the almost invisible particles by the mere power of attraction.

The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies, but let the grateful heart sweep through the day, and as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessing. Only the iron in God's sand is gold.—H. W. Beecher.

MARIE H. BOGDANN, 338 North Carolina avenue southeast.

Gratitude is the noblest gem in the whole casket of life's jewels. It shines in every nook and crevice of life from the tiny plant, that shows its gratitude to Mother Earth, to the gentle rain, and golden sunshine, and repays by sending forth its beautiful blossom and sweetest fragrance up through each phase in the whirlpool of life. We see those most absorbed sometimes taking time to show their gratitude to those who helped them reach the summit by following out the words of the great and good man who recently passed beyond, and so "lend a hand" and "gratitude" go on through all ages, and in everything that lives and breathes.—A. E. R., 307 New Jersey avenue northwest.

"Tis not for food, nor tools, nor clothing, nor decorations, that awaken real

gratitude, but that which combines a warm, kind, and friendly feeling in the heart, with some outward emotional recognition thereof for the depressed and discouraged.—ROBERT H. STEINER, 320 North Carolina avenue southeast.

The good monk Felix, at the evening bell, knelt long in prayer within his quiet cell; And from his lips the words devoutly fell: "Deo Gratias."

His lot in life to him seemed right and good; And always for the poor and scanty food, His heart cried out in love and gratitude—"Deo Gratias."

He stood within the monastery gate, His arms stretched through the bars for souls to wait; And for each gift he cried with heart elate—"Deo Gratias."

The little children, passing to and fro, Would oftentimes their tiny gifts bestow, And wonder, as they heard in accents low—"Deo Gratias."

The years passed by; the monk grew worn and old; He suffered oft with hunger, oft with cold; But still he cried for mercies manifold—"Deo Gratias."

God took him, and above his grave they placed A rudely-fashioned cross, on which they traced "Deo Gratias."

In letters, which the years have not effaced—"Deo Gratias."

The centuries have passed, but Felix still speaks on in hearts that know and love God's will, Content to say, through good report and ill—"Deo Gratias."

So as I fare along my pilgrim way, With humble, grateful heart, I fain would say: "For all my mercies, thank you, and every day—"Deo Gratias." EDITH V. BRADY, Black Mountain, N. C.

I am thankful for the glow and grace, And the winsome beauty of the year, The greatness of the common place, The glory of the here.

I'm thankful for man's high emprise, His stalwart stoutness of soul, The long look of his skyward eyes, That sights a far-off goal.

And so I feel to thank and bless, Both things unknown and understood, And thank the stubborn thankfulness That maketh all things good.—SAN WALTER FOSS, Sunshine Club, 200 G street northwest.

There is not a more pleasing exercise of the mind than gratitude. It is accompanied with such an inward satisfaction that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much pleasure that were there no positive command which enjoined it nor any recompense laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would indulge in it for the natural gratification it affords.—FRANK HURLEY, 125 North Capitol street.

As flowers carry dewdrops, trembling on the edges of the petals, and ready to fall at the first waft of wind or brush of bird, so the heart should carry its beads of words of thanksgiving, and at first breath of heavenly favor let them fall down the shower, perfumed with the heart's gratitude.—Beecher.

MAB H. SHAW, 124 North Carolina avenue southeast.

In dictionary language gratitude is "an emotion of the heart excited by a benefit or favor received." It is more than that, however. It is the concentrated effort of heart, mind, and body to repay a kindness. Words of thanks are empty nothingness when not backed up by the purpose to return, in fullest measure, the favors shown us by others. Gratitude is heaven-born and heaven-sent, blessing those who give and those who receive. It keeps the well-spring of our hearts fresh and natural, and where real gratitude is alive, envy, hatred, and malice, lie buried forever. How barren and wasted is the parched heart unable to feel the pulsating thrill of gratitude for even the smallest favor! It is the optimist's best friend, fringing him at all times to be on the alert for every opportunity to return to others the good they have done unto him.—MARION GREGORY BARKER, 133 F street northwest.

People do not always understand the motives of sublime conduct, and when they are astonished they are very apt to think they ought to be alarmed. The truth is, those are fit judges of greatness but, those who are capable of it—Jane Porter.

Gratitude is the natural response of the heart to kindness intended or received. It implies (as a moral sentiment) the desire to show a proper appreciation of the favor, and to requite it, if possible.—D. S. Gregory, in Christian Ethics.

A single grateful thought toward heaven is the most perfect prayer.—Lessing.

Mrs. L. H. HARTSHORN, 80 Webster street.

Alb, vainest of all things Is the gratitude of kings.—Longfellow.

Purest Service. If any thought of mine, sung or told, Has ever given delight or consolation, I have repaid it with a grateful fold By every friendly sign and salutation.

Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown! Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token, That teaches me, when seeming most alone, Friends are around us, though no word be spoken.

Kind messages, that pass from land to land, Kind letters, that betray the heart's deep history, In which we feel the pressure of a hand—One touch of fire—and all the rest is mystery.—Mrs. E. VILA, 27 New Jersey avenue northwest.

Gratitude, firstly, means appreciation; secondly, it means to in some way show

Kindness Will Be the Topic All This Week, Ending with Next Sunday's Symposium.

that you are really appreciative. For instance, you who hold a position which you feel is, or will be, of value to you, do not accept same as merely a matter of fact proposition, but be appreciative. Show your appreciation by filling same to the best of your ability, by taking an interest in the business, no matter what it may be, as if it was your own. In doing this you will not only be showing your gratitude, but will be taking long strides toward success. LYDIA HENDRICKSON, 173 Thirteenth street northwest.

What is gratitude? It is the expression of a thankful heart. It may be for favors shown for just an act of kindness or love, so that it brings forth from the heart the sincere appreciation of thankfulness.—STELLA W. SCHARFF, 173 Thirteenth street northwest.

Oh, Lord! that lends me life, Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness.—Henry VI.

203 O street northwest.

Fountain of mercy whose pervading eye Can look within and read what passes there, Accept my thoughts for thanks—I have no words. My soul, ever fraught with gratitude, reflects the aid of language—Lord behold my heart.—Hannah More.

M. JANE MOOR, 203 G street northwest.

Gratitude is an appreciation and acknowledgment of benefits received. This hymn, written by James Addison in 1712, is a sublime expression of gratitude to the Great Giver of all good:

When all Thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys, Transported with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise.

Oh, how shall words with equal warmth The gratitude declare, That glows within my ravished heart? But Thou canst read it there.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts My daily thanks employ, Nor is the least a thankful heart That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every privilege of my life Thy goodness I'll pursue, And e'er death in distant worlds The glorious theme renew.

When nature falls and day and night Divide Thy works no more, My ever-grateful heart, O Lord, Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee A joyful song I'll raise, But, eternally too short, To utter all Thy praise.

ISABEL O. PRICE, Edgemoor, Va.

Gratitude is an inner sense of thankfulness; the outward expression, appreciation, which finds vent in various ways, according to the temperament of the individual.—AMIE SMITH, 46 Eighth street northwest.

Let us be grateful for snow or sun, For battles lost or victory won, For body's health, for friends, For daily bread that kindly bounty sends, For all the goodly things that are or were, For our own happiness and all our woes, For the many, many gifts that God bestows.

Let us be grateful. M. T. HANLON, 125 Eleventh street northwest.

"Gratitude for the past, content in the present, and trust for the future constitutes the trinity of happiness."—E. ALEXANDER, 22 Massachusetts avenue northwest.

A thankful spirit turns all that touches it into happiness. With all our wisdom and foresight we can take a lesson of gladness and gratitude from the happy bird that sings all night, as if the day was not long enough to tell its joy.

PAULINE L. JONES, 222 G street northwest.

I am blessed with so many things for which to be grateful that I just keep "saying" it is good to be alive.

W. H. REED, 225 F street northwest.

Gratitude consists adequately in these two things: First, that it is a debt, and secondly, that it is such a debt as is left to every man's ingenuity, whether he will pay or no.

MYRTLE BRADLEY, 345 H street northwest.

Gratitude is a fruit of great cultivation; you do not find it among great people. Revenge is profitable; gratitude is expensive.—I. M. ERWIN, 363 Thirtieth street.

"He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one, should never remember it."—